

"Cowitch says he is a good Indian. The Mojaves are bad Indians; they lie and steal, take white man's presents and grub, and then kill him. He has never killed any white man. It was Butterfield, the guide, who killed three white men in the mountains. Cowitch likes the white men, and wants to be friends with them. The white man came to his country, and Cowitch was glad; but the white man would not give him pay. No pay, no clothes, no grub. Cowitch good Indian, friend to white man; but the country was his, and the white man took it away."

Without explaining to Cowitch that a tribe of six hundred Indians, who draw nothing from the land except "the grasshoppers that sport on the hillside," could hardly be allowed to monopolize over eighty thousand acres of our richest mineral land, we proceeded to state that we wished information about the camping facilities of the Pahranaagat Valley. To this Cowitch replied, through Frank:

"Cowitch good Indian; but the Mojave Indians are bad Indians, who lie and steal, and take the white man's presents and grub, and then killed them. It was Butterfield, the guide, who killed the white men up in the mountains. Cowitch has never killed any white men. The white man come to Cowitch and take his country, but don't pay him. He wants money or muck-a-muck for his braves; have nothing to eat, as there are no grasshoppers.—Mother-in-law, get me a drink of water."

Upon this we informed Cowitch that we were prepared to give him tobacco, and muck-a-muck, and clothes, and jewelry, in abundance, if he would only give us a guide from his tribe. Then the big chief laid down his pipe, and said:

"Cowitch will give a guide to the white man. Cowitch a good Indian, but the Mojave no good to white man. It was Butterfield, the guide, who killed three white men in the mountains. The white man come to Cowitch and take his country; but, when he ask them for pay, they say 'git!'"

This unexpected variation upon the original theme struck us so pleasantly, that we proceeded to distribute Indian goods in great profusion upon the leading squaw of Cowitch a string of beads, which her husband afterward took away from her and appropriated to his own use. Then the council broke up. The chiefs rode away, some lingered around the cooks, and others peered into the tents in the hope of stealing something. I interviewed Cowitch, in the hope of obtaining some ethnological information. The only fact of any importance which I discovered will prove interesting to those Eastern gentlemen who have been recently asserting that the Indian cannot lie. There is one exception, at least, to this rule, in the case of the Shoshone tribe, and I think it likely that I shall discover others in my progress southward.

Cowitch in private was as affable as he was dignified in public. We sat down and smoked cigarettes. I endeavored to obtain from him the Shoshone equivalent of certain English words. These he declined to give, for the following logical reasons:

"White man know heap—not know Shoshone—Indian know Shoshone—white man know Shoshone, then white man all the same as Indian."

Having Frank to fall back upon, I was not bitterly disappointed. The wily Cowitch had hoped to extort a quarter from me, but I foiled him. The consciousness of this fact rendered me unusually amiable, and I beamed benignantly on the vermilion-tinged being before me. I did so wish that those of my friends who know and admire my scientific attainments could have seen me exhibiting them for the benefit of Cowitch. The compass and the deflection of the needle, the barometer, the anemometer, and the photographic camera, were all explained in detail by me to the noble aborigine, and the climax was reached when our pioneer passed by and remarked to Cowitch that I was the man who made newspapers.

I could see that Cowitch was impressed, and I mentally apostrophized the glorious power of the press which—but I will save that sentiment for the next press-dinner which I attend. Then Cowitch, with proper deference, asked me if I was a big chief.

I looked modestly conscious, and then answered boldly in the affirmative; for it was a matter of doubt, and I had a right to take any possible advantage.

Then Cowitch asked me if I had a squaw.

I told him not at present, but there was no saying what might happen, to which he assented, with the luminous observation, "Yes; heap happen," which was certainly truthful, if not profound.

Then, as a return question, I asked him if those were his squaws, and he acknowledged them. I asked him still further if he could save Mormon.

He could not, and I explained as follows:

"Mormon—tribe—over there—Salt Lake—big chief heap squaws—ten—twenty—sixty—heap squaws."

What do you suppose was this sagacious chieftain's response? I glow with delight as I write it.

"No fun—heap squaws—no fun," from which I infer that, in spite of the success of his domestic discipline, Cowitch found one mother-in-law quite sufficient.

On the whole, we parted on the best of terms. I presented him with two old kid gloves, one brown and one lavender, which he drew on with great delight, and then remarked:

"Cowitch is good Indian, but the Mojaves no good. Cowitch is a friend of the white man, and never hurt him. It was Butterfield the guide who—"

Hastily interrupting him at this point, I bade him good-by and rushed into my tent.

Cowitch himself made a grand tour of the camp, saying good-by, and shaking hands with every officer, soldier, and cook, in the party.

The last words I heard were, "It was Butterfield the guide who—"

It seems to me that I ought to draw some conclusions from the scenes of this day, and yet I dislike exceedingly to generalize. The Indian is a human being, and therefore capable of education and civilization. It is his right, even if he does not claim it, and it is the duty of the Government and the people to give it to him. But the development of the country is also a duty, and that philanthropy which denounces our settlers, who are hastening this work, as persecutors of the Indian, is as idiotic as it is ignorant.

"There needs no ghost come from the grave, my lord,
To tell us that;"

and yet there are those who, through a sickly sentimentality or a love of notoriety, prate about the wrongs of the noble savage, who is, generally speaking, a filthy and degraded brute. This country is too valuable to humanity to be given up to grasshopper-hunting. The conduct of our settlers is not perfect, but it does not deserve opprobrious reproach. There are Indians who are harmless, and who are unmolested, to be sure, but also neglected, which is wrong. There are others who are blood-thirsty, untamed, and pitiless, and these are objects of attack, which is right. And certain would-be orators, who utter much meaningless stuff about the condition of the Indian in the East, which few people there attend to or care about, are raising a bitter feeling in the extreme West, and may produce disastrous results in the future.

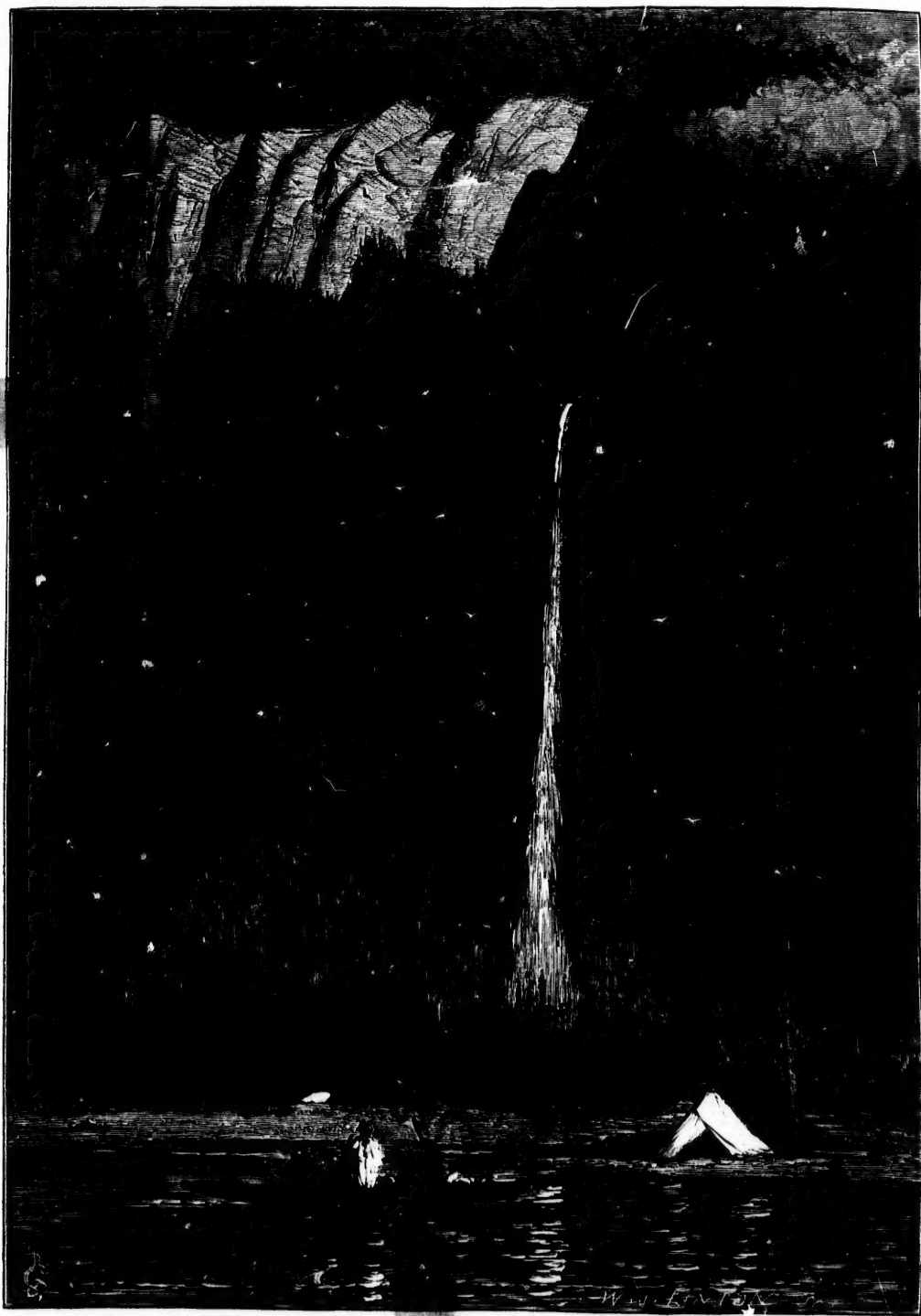
LATER.—Since Cowitch's departure, two dippers and a tin pail have been missed, together with a Roman scarf, one end of which was incautiously left hanging out of a valise. We do not complain—we are simply thankful that his eye for color prevented him from abstracting more valuable objects. And we have every confidence in the integrity and amiability of Butterfield the guide, although we have never seen him.

FRED. W. LORING.

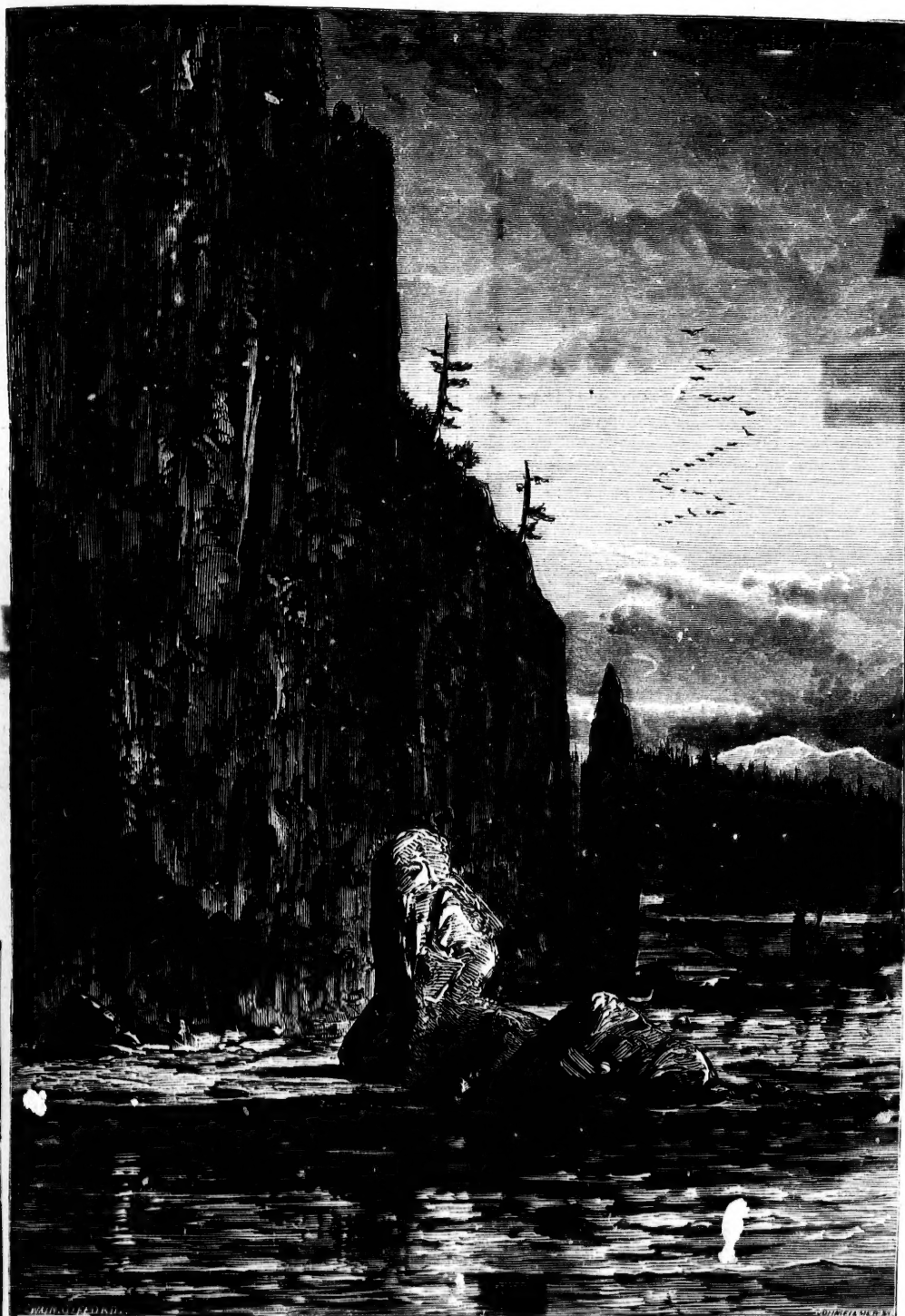
THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD.

THE continuous range of mountains known as the Sierra Nevada in California bears the name of Cascade Range through Oregon, Washington Territory, and British Columbia. The name originated from the numerous beautiful cascades which pour from every crevice, at every height, and sometimes even from the top of the steep bluff-sides of the gorge in these mountains, through which the mighty Columbia forces its way to pour its volume of water into the Pacific Ocean. The Columbia, which forms so large a portion of the south boundary of Washington Territory, and then traverses its whole breadth from south to north, is navigable from the mouth of the great river to the head of the cascades—a distance of one hundred and sixty miles. By a portage at the cascades, where there is a railroad, six miles in length, navigation is open to the Dalles, two hundred and



MULTANOMAH FALLS, COLUMBIA RIVER.



CAPE HORN, COLUMBIA RIVER

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five miles from the ocean. At this point several miles of portage are required, when good navigation is secured to Priest's Rapids, three hundred and eighty miles. Another short portage is followed by a stretch of water for nearly a hundred miles; here another portage is succeeded by open water to a point seven hundred and twenty miles.

The Columbia has been compared to the Hudson, and, according to Mr. Fitz Hugh Ludlow, there are some grounds for the comparison.

"Each of these rivers," says Mr. Ludlow, in his entertaining volume, "breaks through a noble mountain-system in its passage to the sea, and the walls of its avenue are correspondingly grand. In point of variety, the banks of the Hudson far surpass those of the Columbia—trap, sandstone, granite, limestone, and slate, succeeding each other with a rapidity which presents ever new outlines to the eye of the tourist. The scenery of the Columbia, between Fort Vancouver and the Dalles, is a sublime monotone. Its banks are basaltic crags or mist-wrapped domes, averaging below the cataract from twelve to fifteen hundred feet in height, and thence decreasing to the Dalles, where the escarpments, washed by the river, are low trap bluffs on a level with the steamer's walking-beam, and the mountains have retired, bare and brown, like those of the great continental basin farther south, toward Mount Hood in that direction, and Mount Adams on the north. If the Palisades were quintupled in height, domed instead of level on their upper surfaces, extended up the whole navigable course of the Hudson, and were thickly clad with evergreens wherever they were not absolutely precipitous, the Hudson would much more closely resemble the Columbia. . . . We boarded the Hunt in a dense fog, and went immediately to breakfast. With our last cup of coffee the fog cleared away, and showed us a sunny vista up the river, bordered by the columnar and mural trap formations above mentioned, with an occasional bold promontory jutting out beyond the general face of the precipice, its shaggy fell of pines and firs all afflood with sunshine to the very crown. The finest of these promontories was called Cape Horn, the river bending around it to the northeast. The channel kept mid-stream with considerable uniformity, but, now and then, as in the highland region of the Hudson, made a *détour* to avoid some bare, rocky island. Several of these islands were quite columnar, being evidently the emerged capitals of basaltic prisms, like the other uplifts on the banks. A fine instance of this formation was the stately and perpendicular 'Rooster Rock,' on the Oregon side, but not far from Cape Horn. Still another was called 'Lone Rock,' and rose from the middle of the river. These came upon our view within the first hour after breakfast, in company with a slender but graceful stream, which fell into the river over a sheer wall of basalt, seven hundred feet in height. This little cascade reminded us of Po-ho-nó, or The Bridal Veil, near the lower entrance of the Great Yosemite."

ALLITERATION.

ALLITERATION is a figure or ornament of language, chiefly used in poetry, consisting of the repetition of the same letter in intervals.

"Apt Alliteration's artful aid." CHURCHILL.

"Behemoth, biggest born of earth." MILTON.

"Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, aanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talked of Monmouth's grave." SHAKESPEARE.

The repeated letter is generally found at the beginning of words, though it may occur in the second and final syllables, in which case the repeated letter should fall on the accented part of the word, as in this example:

"That hushed in grim repose expects his evening prey."

Dr. Thomas Brown remarks that, though alliteration itself consists in similarity of sounds, it is not indifferent on what words of the sentence the alliteration falls; and he cites the following line as an example, in which he finds resemblance and contrast, two qualities which give it peculiar point:

"Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billets-doux."

Pope.

* The Heart of the Continent: a Record of Travel across the Plains and in Oregon. By Fitz Hugh Ludlow. New York: Hurd & Houghton, 1871.

The French—for this art is by no means confined to our language—somewhat extend these definitions, a frequent recurrence of the same syllables also being counted alliterative—

"Qui refuse, refuse."

"Qui terre a, guerre a."

In German, alliteration is called *Buchstabenreim*, a most expressive name, which is but poorly translated by the literal rendering "letter-rhyme." Geraldus Cambrensis called alliteration *agnominatio*, whence the English word "agnomination," sometimes applied to it. Herodotus, who quotes Homer, calls it *παρήχσις*. Aristotle calls it *παρομοίωσις*. It is evident, however, from the derivation of these Greek names, that they refer rather to what is known as *ονοματοποιία* (*onomatopœia*), or assimilation of sound to sense, a figure in which the Greek and German languages are beautifully rich. Alliteration is, in fact, naturally connected with imitative harmony, familiar examples of which exist in many languages:

From Homer:

"Βῆ δ' ἄκτωρ παρὰ θίνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης."

From Virgil, the well-known lines:

"Quadrupedante patrem sonitu quatit ungula campum"—

the peculiarity of which is only tolerably preserved in the translation:

"Shaking the mouldering plain with the tramp of the galloping horse-hoof"—and which RED CLOUD probably renders:

"Give me a good trotting horse, and I'll run and get you some wampus!"

Another line from Virgil, which follows more closely the original definition:

"Tityre ta patule recubans sub tegmine fagi."

From Racine:

"Pour qui sont ces serpents qui sifflent sur nos têtes?"

And, not to neglect our own forcible tongue, this beautiful and striking example from Pope's Homer:

"Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone."

Although, as we have seen, this figure has been used by celebrated poets, both ancient and modern, there is considerable difference of opinion as to its beauty and propriety. One critic, writing on this subject, says: "Alliterations contribute more to the beauties of poetry than is generally supposed, and cannot, therefore, be deemed unworthy of a poet's regard in composition. If two words offer of equal propriety—the one alliterative, and the other not—the first ought to be chosen, if it suit the purpose in every other respect; but the beauty of alliteration, when happy, is not greater than its deformity, when affected or forced." Again: "Alliteration contributes both to sweetness and energy of versification." On the other hand, "it relates more to the technicality than to the spirit of poetry," and the effect is described as a "mechanical one, rendering the verse more easy for the organ of speech," while but little pleasure is attributed to the effect on the ear. Among French writers, alliteration meets with but little favor; some ridicule it under the name of *cacophonie*, though Michelet says alliteration and rhyme are precepts of versification more important than the number. In short, this repetition, within proper bounds, is an ornament, but, like many things, becomes a defect when excessively and injudiciously employed. It seems to be generally admitted that it greatly embellishes when it contributes to imitative harmony, as in the numerous examples already given. That this is not its only beauty, however, is evident in the following couplet from Pope, in which the two lines are singularly contrasted:

"Eternal beauties grace the shining scene—

Fields ever fresh, and groves forever green."

Sacrificing sense for the sake of alliteration is, of course, to be avoided. Thus Gray, in his exceeding love for this figure, writes:

"Eyes that glow and fangs that grin."

Descending from the poetical world to every-day language, we find alliteration playing a more important part than is generally acknowledged. So well adapted is it to catch the popular ear that proverbs and saws are rich in this figure: "Where there's a will, there's a way;" "Many men of many minds," etc. There seems to be an alliterative tendency in the formation of many of our compound words; surely, there is no adequate ground for invariably saying "milk-maid," "butcher-boy," "washer-women," and utterly ignoring the otherwise